

Plodding homeward aloft, alone, now breed you in
aching from head to blistered toe,
I am too tired to resist what this landscape insists: I
that the surly certainties of time and place
could be hammed by a scatter of boulder and stone.

Surely on hardly hill however pass'red
can hardly transend into the uncanny
- it just cannot - or can it?

Could the rain-filled clouds be the ghosts of granite?

Both make the damned silence massive,
How I admire the rewards of this gaunt solitude
that you must drift in like evaporating mist;
how they cluster in the stone circle of a ruined house
facing each other and talking through hunchback
secure in the primary colours of their survival clothing
that stab and clash and flash across the landscape.

I survive by withstanding the willed madness for the forbasons
in a kingdom of stone: this is a religion where
you feel far more than alone.

They hark and bicker and clatter their way through the day
fortified by the comaderie and bad jokes of avoidance;
their fortress will keep it out, ~~out~~ out there, not here,
in the nothingness where it matters, where it adheres
to the inner void of matter with refreshing emptiness.

When the cover of my rucksack blew away in the gale
Somewhere between Westmoorgate and the toolshed,
I foarded the thought that a plastic insult of the present
was disfiguring the grand status of this battered everywhere.

Common sense bated me, insisted I should not bother searching;
instead I did not bother trying
but wandered in a confident straight line whenever
and walked right up to where it was presented to me waiting.
A week later I lost a plastic bag in the wind.
Because I did not need it I hardly even tried to retrieve it.

An hour later I watched frozen in slow motion
as my hand was crushed
between two brutal slabs of granite;
I made the inevitable improper connection
while common sense howled its denision
at such wise superstition.

Today the boulders mediate their complex grey game
like minor gods ordering chaos,
the darker denseness of objective forces
banished to the dross of their leaden shadows.

Tired stones flung from heaven, mired in compost and dung,
wallow in their shallow impact with our reality,
exacerbating the tragic grandness of mortality.

How I adore their blunt clumsiness
as they shoot each other down slope
poised like noiseless fossil-grey surf.

Like enormous boulders vaguely waiting to be born,
they endine, waiting uniting the past and present into a tense unknown;

excoriated by archaeologists,
secrets extroverted by an intransigent professor
whose wrapped stones and fluorescent flags
regress to expressions of magic culture...

And I confess from my own faltering shadows
that when the white light flatters
the windward altar of a monolith
haloed in yellow light, something intensely tiny
but far more mighty than mountains happens—

the scene is hallowed. I
for mica far more than merely brightens

and likens to the light far brighter than bright.